

November 14, 2018  
Port Blair

Well it's 1450 on Wednesday, November 14, 2018. I've been in a safehouse in Port Blair since returning from Hut Bay, Little Andaman, for the past Eleven days! Bobby and Christian left 5 days ago and it was such an encouragement to see them. The originally planned date was delayed from the 11th until tonight due to a cyclone in the Bay of Bengal. Being stuck in the safehouse meant that I hadn't seen any full sunlight till today and my nice tan I had acquired on Little Andaman started to fade, as well as my thickly calloused feet. The benefit is that I was essentially in quarantine, I stayed fit by doing 3x of: 20 pushups, 50 leg tucks, 20 wide pushups, 50 side-p-sides, and 20 triangle pushups with 20 squats, or varying exercises incorporating burpees and rubber resistance bands. Much time was spent in prayer and reading. I met last night with the fishermen who are all believers and agreed to drop me off. Jonathan won't be accompanying me, as they will be at sea doing their regular fishing maneuvers to avoid raising suspicion and there is a high chance they'd get checked by the Indian Coast Guard. The meeting went well - I trust them although I'm the only English speaker so there is a bit of a language gap; I'm relying on the Holy Spirit to direct us. The drone was pointed at as the map as being a core on the SW of the island, and I depart in 3 or so hours.

While in the safehouse, I finished reading a book about "The Lives of the Three Mrs. Judsons" and today I'm in awe of how GREAT our God is - the simple obedience of Adoniram which led to Sarah and George Boardman going to work with him and reaching the H's and then the H's being put in the Andamans by the British (who failed to be a blessing to the nations and rejected the commands of Jesus) and now them helping reach one of the last upbs on earth -- and the various ethnicities and nationalities of all included: South African, American, Indian, Chinese, etc. God, I thank you for choosing me before I was even yet formed in my mother's womb, to be Your messenger of Your Good news to the people of Sentinel Island. Every heritage points to you - me, an American citizen, part Irish, part Native American (choctaw) part African, and part Chinese and Southeast Asian - thank You Father for using me, for shaping me and molding me to be Your ambassador.

Please continue to keep all of us involved hidden from the physical and spiritual forces who desire to keep the people here in darkness. Holy Spirit please open the hearts of the tribe to receive me and by receiving me, to receive You. May Your Kingdom, Your Rule and Reign come near to north Sentinel Island, My life is in Your hands, O Father, so into Your hands I commit my Spirit.

The plan is to linkup with the crew tonight and depart tonight, arriving at the dock around 0500. From there we make progress contact with fish as gift, over the next few days and then send me off. Depending on the date(s), I might head briefly at Indian with some cash. A Pelican case for later. We might even send the right thing of gifts toward some All in all, this is all in the hands of You - my will however my plan be done out only His good, pleasing and Perfect will. Forever Yours Jesus, are to be praised. - John Chan

Soli Deo Gloria!



Journal

March 15, 2017  
Sentinel

reentered successfully last night with the friends.  
Currently on the boat, waiting to make contact. Left  
last night around 2000 and arrived around 2230 or so but  
as we went north along the eastern shore, we saw  
boat lights in distance along the north shore and  
turned around. Headed south along the eastern shore  
and evaded them went along the southern  
shore and then up along the western shore.  
All along the way, our boat was highlighted  
by bioluminescent plankton - and as fish jumped  
nearby, we could see them like dancing mermaids  
shimmering along. The Milky Way was above  
and God Himself was shielding us from the  
coast guard and navy patrols. At 0430, we  
entered the Cove on the western shore  
and as the sun began to light the east  
above the island, me and two of the guys jumped  
in the shallow and brought in two pelicans  
and brought on to the <sup>south</sup> point of the cove.  
The dead coral is sharp and I already  
got a slight scratch on my right leg.

Now we see a Sentinel island home  
and are waiting for them to  
come out. We also saw three large fires  
on the eastern shore last night.  
Sol: No Gaur  
John



Journal Psalm 91

November 15, 1988  
1000  
North Sentinel Island  
Southwest Cove

around 0830, I tried initiating contact after we came  
to meet us after we loaded our arms and a cloth. I went  
back to the cached kayak and built it up, then rowed  
to the boat and got two large fish - about 15lb  
I felt like (one barracuda and one half of a GT/tuna). I  
put them on top of the kayak and began rowing to the  
house we had seen about a half mile or so away, over  
the top of dead coral in 4 ft of water.

I was about 400yds out, I heard women loosing  
and chattering.

Then I spotted two dugout canoes with outriggers. I  
rowed past the one then saw movement on the  
shore. Two ARMED sentinels came rushing out yelling  
at me - they had two arrows each, unstrung, until  
they got closer. I yelled "My name is John. I love  
you and Jesus loves you. Jesus Christ gave me authority  
to come to you. Here is some fish!"

I regret I began to panic slightly as I saw them  
string arrows in their bows. I picked up the half  
GT/tuna fish and threw it toward them. They  
kept coming. Then I slid the barracuda off and  
it started to sink but my thoughts were directed  
toward the fact I was almost in arrow range.

I backpaddled facing them and then when  
they got the fish, I turned and paddled like  
I never before in my life, back to the boat.

I felt some fear but mainly was disappointed they didn't  
accept me right away. I can now say I've  
been nearly shot by the Sentinels but I've walked on  
and walked gear on their island (I'm not sure if you believe  
will try again. Later, leaning against the boat and  
rocks who protect me and guide me. SOB - John Chen



Journal (about) rainbow over the island!

November 15, 2018  
1350

North Sentinel side  
Southwest cove

Well, I've been shot by the sentinel here...  
by a kid probably about ten or so years old, maybe a teenager, short compared to those who looked like adults. Let me first back up: After that initial contact, some of the guys went fishing and caught what they call "cutt-a-la" that looks like a group of sea bunnies with big lips - they caught two and each weighed about 30 lbs - so after a meal of fish and rice, I swam back to the cached kayak (after first going pop in the water (being about a mile or 3/4 mile from the sentinel; home, so I wasn't worried they'd see but more concerned that if I went on shore they'd see or find it) and left a few gifts (scissors, cord, and safety pins) on a log that a human must have put there - this cache and location is on the north side of the southwest cove. Then I built the kayak out (again because I had broken it down to hide after that first contact), and paddled back to the boat. We put the two big fish on top of my kayak, and my small

Pelican (case that held ~~my~~ <sup>many</sup> pencils, my initial contact report kit (for arrow wounds) such as hemostat/cuticlet, abdominal pad, chest seal, and dental forceps for arrow removal, plus it contained my picture cards, and multivitamins and multitools (including the one my brother gave as a grooming gift that has my name engraved on it, and unfortunately it also contained my passports (I'll say why ~~it~~ it was unfortunate in a moment) inside my kayak; plus I had my waterproof Bible (thanks Borden and Manda Publishing) and some gifts: scissors, tweezers, safety pins, fishing line and hooks, cordage, and rubber ~~not~~ tubing, and my new Speedo trunk. I set off toward the north shore of the cove toward where I had seen a dilapidated structure and two destroyed dugout via binoculars.

Why was it destroyed? Perhaps a death? Then seeing no one from the water, I undid my kayak through the shallows of the dead coral reef and still didn't see anyone. I affixed some gifts to the fish



and then proceeded around the corner  
had been closed from an initial contact. I  
enough, as I got closer, I heard the whips  
and shouts from the hut. I made sure to stay  
out of arrow range, but I made sure to stay  
was also out of good hearing range. That meant I  
closer and as they (about 6 from what I could see) yelled  
at me, I tried to parrot their words back to them. They  
burst out laughing most of the time. They were also yelling  
saying bad words or insulting me, so they probably were  
into the forest behind the hut which echoed and they made  
in drumming sound, if I can recall. Perhaps their men were  
along who would explain why the only ones yelling at  
me looked fairly juvenile. I spotted one wearing a white  
and he also took a ~~something~~ (flowers maybe?) on his head  
yelled at me. Leadership stance meaning he climbed atop the  
tallest coral rock to yell. I yelled some phrase in Xhosa  
and sang then some ~~words~~ songs and hymns, and they  
would often fall silent after this. Then two of them  
dropped their bars and took a ~~dig~~ to meet me. I couldn't  
tell if they were truly unarmed or not but still kept  
a safe distance away and dropped off the fish and gift  
and at first they poked their digent past the gift  
and ~~receiving~~ at me, then they turned and ~~granted~~ the  
gift except for the shovel/adze. I paddled after them  
and exchanged some more yells of currently unintelligible words with  
them. Here's when this nice meet and greet went south. A  
child and a young woman both with bars ~~came behind~~  
the two gift receivers, with bars drawn at ~~me~~  
I kept waving my hands to say 'no bars' but they  
didn't get the message I guess. I tossed the ~~adze/shovel~~  
a midrange distance between all of us and then began talking  
to the two unarmed guys. They came over to get it but unfortunately  
are grabbed a bamboo shield. By this time the hut had had  
picked up and the night was set now some shadows were.



The Islanders saw that and blocked my  
exit. One blocked (unarmed) while other (Gambian  
knife) ~~waded~~ along the coast. ~~They~~  
saw an arrow came down the middle and I  
figured that two was it. So I preached a  
bit to them starting in Genesis and described  
my kayak to show them that I too have two  
legs. I was inches from the unarmed guy  
(well built with a round face one fly on his right  
face cheek, and yellowish pigment in circles on  
his cheeks, and about 5ft. 5") and gave him  
a bunch of the screws and gifts as they  
got bunched together - so basically I gave  
them all the gift-type items (except for some  
spare) in my cached gear) and then they  
took the kayak... and the little bird  
~~shot~~ me with an arrow - directly into  
my Bible which I was holding ~~out~~  
of my chest. I grabbed the arrow ~~in~~ front  
it broke in my Bible (on pg 133, Isaiah  
63:5-65:2), and  
felt the arrowhead ~~me~~ I + was metal, thin  
but very sharp. I stumbled back and I  
recall yelling at the bird for shooting me -  
now as I look back at it, my Bible cover looks  
like barbs - like tree bark, so maybe he was  
just being curious, but yikes it sure gave me a  
fright. They left me alone and I half waded half  
swam though the broken coral to the deep ~~bottom~~  
~~of the lagoon~~ where I hoped their dugout canoes  
were. They chased me. I had to  
swim almost a mile back to the boat at the  
mouth of the cove... as I got closer I thought  
a rock was the boat and then saw the boat  
but with figures with their arms up waving at J



thought briefly that ~~the~~ <sup>another</sup> group of  
Sentinels had attached the boat while they were  
watching me but thank God that wasn't the case.  
Although I now have no kayak, or my small  
policeman and its contents, I'm grateful that I  
still have the written word of God.

The plan now is to rest and sleep on the  
boat and in the morning to drop me off by  
the padre and then I walk along the beach  
toward the same hut I've been giving gifts to.  
It's weird - actually no, it's natural.  
I'm scared.

Then, I said it. Also frustrated and uncertain -  
is it worth me going on foot to meet them?  
Now they have attached me to the gifts -  
my ~~fortuitously~~ <sup>unfortunately</sup> JP won't go with me and only  
stay on the ~~vessel~~ <sup>vessel</sup>. The largest gap is  
tough too as it's hard to get good  
input - ~~comp~~ <sup>but</sup> you will be close. If  
you want me to get actually shot or  
even ~~killed~~ <sup>shot</sup> with an arrow, then so be  
it. I think I could be more useful  
alive though, but to you, God, I give all the  
glory of whatever happens. I DON'T WANT to  
die! Would it be wiser to leave and let someone  
else continue? No. I don't think so - I'm stuck here  
anyway without a passport and having been off the grid. I still  
~~can~~ <sup>could</sup> make it back to the US somehow as it  
almost seems like certain death to stay here - get  
there is evidenced change in just two ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> encounters  
in a single day. Will try again tomorrow.  
I'm sending the pages to A to take a picture of all  
give to Bobby and AN.







God, I don't want to die. Who will take my place if I do? OH God I miss my parents,

my mom and my dad and Brian and Mary and Norah and Jeremy and Joe and Jennifer and Seth and Bobby (even though he was just here!) and Christian and someone I can talk to and be understood. None of the guys on the boat know much English and I don't know much Hindi or H to ask them opinions and to tell stuff like this to.

I've never ~~felt~~ this much grief or sorrow before. WHY! Why did a little

kid have to shoot me today? His high pitched voice still lingers in my head. Father, forgive him and any of the people on this island who try to kill me, and especially forgive them if they succeed. What made them become this defensive and hostile?

Legions passed down through millennia of their escape from a slave ship? Why does this beautiful place have to have so much death here? Last night I had what I'd call

a vision as I've never had one before - my eyes were shut but I wasn't asleep and I saw a purple ~~line~~ line as an oval-like orb as a ~~metaphor~~ metaphor - she fell to it



and it was a frightening city with jagged spires and I felt distressed. Then a different light, a whitish light filled it and ~~the~~ all the frightening bits melted away. Lord, is this island Sardinia's last stronghold where none have heard ~~or~~ ever heard a chance to hear your name?

Lord strengthen me and I need your strength and protection and guidance and all that ~~the~~ you give and are. Whoever comes after me to take my place, whether it's after tomorrow or another time, please give them a double amount of blessing from tonight.

The plan for tomorrow ~~is~~ to drop me at the cache and then the boat will leave for the day, returning at night - I'm at peace with that plan because A) Pick V. from South Africa had said the reason the Jaegers didn't kill him was that he got dropped with no boat nearby and B) if it goes badly on foot the fishermen won't have to bear witness to my death.

Alternative is to either wait another time and go back to Port Blair without any documents at all staying in the safehouse again and put all at risk (why are we so afraid of death?) or just depart. If I leave, I believe I'll have failed the mission.



now that I remember it, after I got  
shot by that man and it was in my Bible,  
I gave it BACK! Man, I should have  
snapped it.

perfect LOVE casts out fear. (John 3:16)  
Al' we with You perfect love for these  
people!

11/16/18  
0620

wake up after a fairly restful sleep,  
heading to school now. I hope  
this about my last notes but  
if it is, to God be the  
glory.

One thought occurred to me last  
night: Only young adults were seen,  
~~the~~ and kids, but no elderly -  
are they scared and must stay  
on the shore? Are the elderly in  
the jungle?

I'm heading back to the hut  
I've been to. Praying it goes well.  
-John Chan



Alex - I'm so grateful to you and  
to your simple obedience to God, and  
how you've served the mission with  
your very best. I think I might die -  
tomorrow even (see previous entry to see  
why) and I wish I could have had  
more time to express my thanks to  
you. I'm proud of you Bro and  
I pray that you will never love  
anything in this world more than  
you love Christ. Stay strong, keep the  
good faith, and may your life be  
continually filled with His grace  
and peace and mercy. I'll see you  
your bro - and remember, the first  
one to heaven, wins.

Much love and  
to God Alone be the  
Glory.

P.S. Please send all pages of the journal  
entry to Bobby and tell him to forward to  
the current update to All Nations:

"I got shot by an sniper secretly that was stopped  
by my Bible, but this particular contact trip had gone well  
until then - and it was an adolescent (pre-pubescent)  
that had shot me. Try again tomorrow (11/16/8)." "



Brian and Mary and mom and Dad,

You guys might think I'm crazy  
in all this but I think it's worth  
it to declare Jesus to these people.  
Please do not be angry at them or at  
God if I get killed - rather please live  
your lives in obedience to whatever He  
has called you to and I'll see you again  
when you pass through the veil. postscripting but  
This is not a pointless thing - the eternal  
lives of this tribe is at hand and I  
can't wait to see them around the  
throne of God worshipping in their own  
language as Revelation 7:9-10 states.

I love you all and I  
pray none of you love  
anything in this world  
more than Jesus Christ.

Soli Deo Gloria,

John Cha

JHC

11/16/18 0626

written from the cave on the  
southwest-ish (near the west)  
of North Sentinel Island.